

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

VOL. 9.

DECEMBER, 1847.

NO. 3.

DIALOGUE.

JAMES AND HIS FATHER.

"We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye."

James. Father, what is it to die? I heard mother say to-day that our good old nurse would die very soon. I feel very badly, father.

Father. To die, my son, is to leave this world, and go as we believe to another world, still better and happier than this.

James. Must every one die?

Father. Yes, James, every one must die.

James. I like this world very well. I should rather not die.

Father. That is very natural, for you do not know anything about the world you are going to. I suppose you would not like to go and live in Germany or any foreign land for the rest of your life, and yet it is possible you might be happier and better off there than you are here.

James. I had rather stay where I am, and I don't want nurse to die. But, father, how do people die? how do they go to another world?

Father. Their breath goes out of their body, and all sensation ceases, and then they are dead.

James. And then what becomes of them?

Father. You know what the four elements are, do you not?

James. Yes, we play a game called the Elements — fire, earth, air and water.

Father. Our bodies are made of these elements. When from age or disease our present life ceases, our portion of each of these four elements returns to the source from whence it came; fire to fire, earth to earth, and so on with the others.

James. Is that the whole? does it not hurt people to die?

Father. Not so much, very often, as to live. Usually the sickness which causes death is painful. But death is the release from pain, the end of suffering. Your good nurse is quite aged; her health is so poor, and her sufferings have been and are so great, that she longs for death which will end them.

James. I love nurse, and if she was willing to live, I should like to have her stay with us. I feel very sorry, father.

Father. What do you love your good nurse for, James?

James. For her kindness and goodness, she is always so pleasant to us all, always so kind, even when she is very ill. She tells us so many beautiful stories of old times when she was a girl.

Father. Does it seem to you that nurse's patience under so much pain, her memory which contains such a store of good stories, and her kindness that makes her tell you all these stories to please you, that all these are a part of her body?

James. I never thought about that, father.

Father. Ask yourself whether what you love your good nurse with, that with which you remember her stories and her kindness to you, is the same thing as your body.

James. No, father, I think not.

Father. What was that in you that said, the other day when you had two teeth out, that I need not hold your hands, for you could master yourself?

James. My mind.

Father. Do you not then feel sure that there is in yourself and in old nurse something separate from and superior to your and her body?

James. Yes, father, I think I do.

Father. Well, James, now we know, for we see, that at death the elements which form our body, return to the same great elements in nature from whence they came, and we believe that the other part of our being which we call mind, also returns to its original source, the great Mind from which it came, the invisible Creator. Our good nurse's worn out, suffering body will go to the dif-

ferent elements, and disappear, but her soul which we never saw while her body was here, will go to God who is the great Source of all minds, the Father of our spirits.

James. How do you know that, father? It seems as if it would be so, but how do you know it?

Father. All enlightened nations have believed in the immortality, that is the eternal life, of the soul in some form or other, and all savages have some notion of a future life; but it was the mission of Jesus Christ to teach this great truth as it had never been taught before. He constantly declared that there was no death to the soul; his life was an evidence of this truth, and his voluntary death confirmed his words. A follower of Jesus feels assured of immortality. He also taught us the means by which we might be sure of a belief in immortality. He said, He who keepeth my sayings shall never see death. By keeping his sayings we may understand to imitate his life. And by the words "shall never see death," we must understand, of course, that his soul shall never see death, that is, his soul shall see and believe in life everlasting. In one sense we cannot *know* that we shall live forever till we come to die, but the true believer, the real Christian, is as sure that his soul never dies as he is of his present existence. As you grow older and can reason for yourself on this subject, your mind will become clearer, but the true way to increase, or rather acquire, a faith in immortality, is to live like an immortal being.

James. How, father? what does that mean?

Father. I mean so to live as you would want to live forever. When you are angry, when you are selfish, should you wish to be so forever?

James. No, I am sure I should not. The sooner I get good again the better.

Father. Let us then, my boy, live as we should wish to live forever, and we need not fear death, which as I have tried to show you, is only a change from this present life to another, as we believe a more perfect one. It is very natural and right that you should be sorry to part with your old nurse, but if you remember that she is only putting off the worn-out, uncomfortable garment of her present body, which gives her so much pain, to be clothed with a new and spiritual body, of a beauty and glory such as we know nothing of, you will rejoice for her sake, and be sorry only for your own present loss. You will also lose your dislike of death when you consider it as it is, not destruction and loss, but birth into a new and eternal existence, an infinite gain to the good.

E. L. F.

WHAT IS DEATH?

The following are said to have been the last lines ever penned by the lamented William Leggett:

WHY, what is Death but Life
In other forms of being? Life without
The coarser attributes of men, the dull
And momentarily decaying frame which holds
The ethereal spirit in, and binds it down
To brotherhood with brutes! There 's no
Such thing as Death: what's so called is but
The beginning of a new existence, a fresh
Segment in the eternal round of change.

A FRAGMENT.

LET us so live that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower,
A self-reviving thing of power;
That every thought, and word, and deed,
May have within itself the seed
Of future good, and future need.

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THE WISHING-CAP. NO. 2.

Our little Wishing-Cap Circle have again met at the chatting hour, when work and study are over, and when mothers too, have their moments of repose, and are ready to listen to the pleasant talk of their children; and this reminds me to say a few words to my young friends, and urge them to let this beautiful part of the day be a season when they shall consider the pleasure of their parents as well as their own, and try to make it one that shall bring rest and comfort to those they love best in the world, their fathers and mothers, whose day has been chiefly spent in doing them good. Let them try before they go to rest, to show by their actions that they are not only one day older, but one day better, for all the care and love they have received.

The good mother of these children is seated in her chair, and taking a hand of each of the two youngest who are sitting by her, asks them what they have done to help on the Wishing-Cap. Mary was the first to speak.

"Why, mother, you know that tomorrow is thanksgiving, and I got tired helping the cook, and so I could not go with Fanny to help carry the things you prepared for us to take to Mrs. Smith's; besides, I was afraid I should see Margaret there, and Margaret is so disagreeable, she has such big eyes, and she looks so ashamed; and then she is as dirty as a pig, and I don't like her at all."

"And is that the reason," said her mother, "why you did not wish to go with your sister to take something to her mother for her thanksgiving?"

"William said he would go, mother, and so I thought there was no need of it."

"I am sorry you did not overcome your dislike to Margaret, and that you did not care more for doing what was kind, than of indulging your feeling of dislike to a poor child who has not so good a home as you have, or a mother who has learnt how to make her clean and tidy; if you knew all her history you would not feel so about her, and you would have been glad to have been kind to her. You know you were wishing last evening that you might have money enough to buy the freedom of the slaves, and to make the poor rich; this does not seem as if your wish came from your heart, because if it had, you would have been glad to have done something for this poor child, even if she were more disagreeable to you than she is. You see, dear Mary, that this wishing-cap has not been helped on by you to-day; indeed, I am afraid that you have pulled out some of the work by that naughty feeling in your heart; all the money in the world would do no good without a kind heart to spend it with."

Mary laid her head in her mother's lap, and said not a word; we hope in this silence some good thoughts came to her like good fairies, and told her how she could make up for the evil she had done to the wishing-cap.

"I think, mother," said William, "you have done a good piece of work on the cap to-day, for you have made six families pretty happy, and pretty rich for to-morrow, and a good while longer too, I guess."

"Yes," said Harry, "we had a real good time in carrying all the good things you sent. Mrs. Brown said she had not had any meat in her house for a fortnight, that she was expecting her son tomorrow, and wishing she might have something good to give him for his thanksgiving, but that she never thought of having such a grand thing as a turkey."

"She sent you ever so many thanks, mother, and said she hoped you would let her come and help you any time when you wanted cleaning done, and she looked so happy that I wanted to stay there and hear her talk more about it."

"This cap of ours, William, that you think I have done so much on to-day, is a very difficult one to make, and different from any other kind of work you ever saw done; and even I, who am a grown up woman, and know pretty well how to work, may often undo what I have done, in the same way that Mary has; whoever attempts to help it on, must have all his tools in perfect order, and they must all come from a certain place not to be seen by any human eye. It is hard work making any kind of cap, even such an one as you wear to school, and when it comes to making such as we are talking of, why, it is the work of a whole life."

"I should not think such caps as we wear to school would take much time to make," said Harry.

"No, not if all the materials were prepared, but when you think of all that must take place before the cap can be made, you will find, after all, that you wear a wonderful cap on that round head of yours."

"Why, it is made of nothing but woollen cloth, and leather."

"Nothing but," replied his mother, "and whence comes the woollen cloth, and the leather, and the brass button, and the thread, and the wax, and the needles, and the lining, and the dye-stuffs, all of which are necessary for the making of the cap? It would take a great while to tell the whole history of one of these articles. Let us take only one, the woollen cloth for instance. In the first place you must have a sheep, and the sheep must be fed and taken care of, in order that his wool may grow. Then, in order to be taken care of, there must be somebody to do it, and this somebody must also be fed and clothed that he may be able to do it; then the sheep must be sheared, and there must be shears made to do it with; then the wool must be washed, and for this there must be water and soap; and then the wool must be carded, and so cards must be made; and then the wool must be spun, and a spinning-wheel must be made; and then it must be wove, and a weaving machine must be made; and then it must be dressed, and proper instruments to dress it with must be prepared; and then it must be dyed, and the proper articles for the dye must be cultivated; and before it is ready for use much more must be done to get it into the market; and all this for only one article of your cap; so it is, dear children, with this work that we are about, but there is a great difference in the two works; all the materials that we work with are invisible, as well as the cap; all come from one place, and there is no machinery for this purpose that the simplest and youngest child cannot make. But our chatting time is over, and we must wait for another evening to finish our talk about it. s. c. c.

SCENES OF WAR.

NO. IV.

ONCE more, we invite our young friends to contemplate a new portrait of the many-faced monster *War*, exceeding in horror any which has been placed before them; but inasmuch as it corresponds with the other accounts of the same period, absolutely true, probably, in every detail. They will remember that these pictures are from time to time placed before them, not for the idle purpose of needlessly harrowing up their feelings, but in order as early as possible, to disabuse their minds of those false ideas of honor, glory, and deathless fame, as connected with war, which have perpetuated through so many ages a practice abhorrent to all the principles of morality, humanity and religion.

The following sketch is translated from the autobiography of M. Arndt, a man of letters, who was attached to the service of the Baron von Stein, a distinguished Prussian diplomatist, sent by his government to the court of St. Petersburg during the French invasion of Russia, in the year 1812.

“In consequence of the winter, and the lances of the Cossacks, who hurried the retrograde movement of the foreigners, the retreat of the French became a fearful, horror-stricken flight; such a prostration of men and horses as had not been known for a thousand years. The Russians pursued them westwards; the emperor

Alexander was soon to depart from St. Petersburg, and Herr von Stein was to go before him to Prussia. He took me with him in his carriage, where we sate like bears, muffled in northern furs. We started from Petersburg on the morning of January 5, 1813, and on the following evening we were in Pleskow, formerly a city and province, glorious in freedom and splendor, like Novogorod, but now lonely and forsaken. Here we received the mournful intelligence that Count Chazot was lying mortally ill, under a nervous fever. He had come hither on business, in behalf of the German legion, because this place was a depot for prisoners and deserters. But they had brought with them the soldiers' fever; most of the unfortunate young men, exhausted by the hardships of the gigantic campaign, had died off, like flies in November, and spread pestilence around. It was thus, that my noble friend had taken the infection. We saw him on his bed; Von Tideman, an officer and countryman, took care of him; he was lying in a delirium, and knew us no more. While the ambassador and I lingered here an hour, our sergeant ceased to mount guard over the sleigh, and many articles were stolen; among the rest, a large portmanteau, in which, during the hurry of packing, I had thrust most of my papers and nearly all my linen. This too, I was not again to see. I lost papers of great value to me, as I was unable to replace them from memory; with many precious gifts and memorials from my Petersburg friends, and I was obliged, in consequence of the deficiency of my linen, to endure double torment from the unavoidable inflictions of my Polish lodgings. But Chazot, the beloved Chazot, the frolicsome, intrepid hero, accompanied me in mournful thought through the

driving snow-storm ; my old master also, (von Stein,) was very sad, for he loved him exceedingly, and indeed he was a man to be loved by all. He had inherited his father's manly strength and beauty, but with them he possessed the most cordial German nature, and a burning hatred against vaunting oppressors.

From Pleskow, or Pskow as it usually sounds by abbreviation, we proceeded to Druja, then over the frozen Dwina, and thence to Wilna, through a country, poor, sandy, and thinly peopled, fruitful only in the immediate neighborhood of Wilna. We saw *war* to the very life — nay, we were in the midst of it, and continued plunging deeper, the nearer we drew to Wilna. There were numerous battered, broken, unroofed houses, without men or animals, or even a cat to mew in them ; gloomy, desolate walls, burnt ruins, and emaciated post-horses — indeed, the little Lithuanian horses had been so hard driven, that we were obliged at every knoll and hillock to stop and breathe them, though we had placed our vehicle on runners, to which six, and sometimes eight horses were harnessed. Alas ! during our tedious passage over the wild waste of snow, we had time to contemplate the horrors occasioned by this single campaign. What did we not see ? Oh, that haughty conquerors could weep, as they make hundreds of thousands of mothers to weep ! On the second, third and fourth days of our journey, we were continually met by detached companies of prisoners, who were conducted still farther backwards, toward the East. What a spectacle ! Ragged, frozen, ghastly, miserable eaters of horse-flesh, they appeared scarcely to remain men. In the villages fronting the post-houses, some of them died before our eyes ; the sick lay in

sleighs, piled on one another in straw ; and as they died, they were thrown off sideways into the snow. Along the streets, dead bodies were lying like other carrion, uncovered and unburied, no human eye having wept at their last struggle. Sometimes we saw them with bloody limbs, for even the slain had been set up against the trees, like hideous guide-posts. These and the fallen horses tracked the road to Wilna, so that those most ignorant of the way could with difficulty have missed it. Our horses snorted and* reared continually, while obliged either to go between them, or, sometimes, to leap over them. It was not the dead bodies, however, which made us shudder, but the wolves which scented them, whom we saw here and there in companies, of from ten to fifteen, glutting themselves with their prey ; and they often crossed the road at the distance of a few paces from us.

Late on the evening of January 11, we arrived in Wilna. Our principal sleigh stuck fast on the gutter-stone. The servants brought people to lift it out ; the ambassador went to the nearest hotel. I stayed by the sleigh. While we were laboring with main strength, and I had applied my shoulders to the task of putting it under way again, a huge sleigh at full speed, banged up against us, and threw us again into our first predicament. I uttered an angry exclamation ; out jumped the occupant of the sleigh which had fastened itself to ours, and we seized one another by the middle. But laughter succeeded, for he was a dear friend. Major von Pfuel, who had just

* It has always been said that the noble horse, often more magnanimous than his master, never voluntarily tramples upon a prostrate man.

TR.

arrived from head-quarters to procure some provisions out of the city. He was delighted that we were there. He now assisted with his people to extricate us, and we soon took in the ambassador, and proceeded to the German street, where, in Müller's hotel, we at least passed a cheerful evening, after six desolate nights. But, but — how did we fare as to sweet repose? During the first night the extremity of our weariness rendered it more easy; afterwards my Polish sufferings succeeded, with my tedious Polish detention; for, on the second day the ambassador departed, and left us behind. We were obliged to wait for a baggage-sleigh from Petersburg, and then slowly proceeded in it to Grodno, joining him again not far from the Prussian frontier.

And now for my Polish sufferings. My lodging-room was a splendid hall, decorated with silk hangings, large mirrors, and engravings from the Aurora of Raphael. My bed I had caused to be spread on a soft sofa; but, but — Oh, the indescribable uncleanness! — all the walls filled with odious yellow walkers! Nauseous! I could only cross myself and cry, 'Patience,' but it was beyond patience. In former times, there had been all manner of good things here, and ever since the flight of the French, the good wine, both Hungarian and French, had not failed.

The following day in the afternoon, after the ambassador's departure, I went abroad to survey the city and procure intelligence. It seemed to me like the infernal regions; — on all sides, sights and smells abominable! Dirty Jews, with solitary, unfortunate prisoners, for the most part wounded or but half recovered, were pitifully crawling round; all the streets were enveloped in foul

smoke and vapor, as the inhabitants had been obliged to burn all sorts of things, even to common dung-heaps, in front of almost every house, to dissipate the pestilential atmosphere created by the Lazarettos and their patients; and these piles continued smouldering day and night. Here and there, in the streets, were seen French cockades, draggled plumes and torn hats, lying low in the dust to be trodden under foot, and recalling to memory the insolence of those who only five months before, had paraded with them through Wilna in far different guise. I walked out at the gate, and for two gloomy hours wandered through the suburb leading to Wilkomitz and Kowno. What horrors! Those tokens which I had witnessed in the city, here lay closer together, besides separate dead bodies in all directions, quite naked, with dead horses, oxen and dogs, the faithful and unfortunate companions of this amazing woe — many houses entirely desolate, without floors, windows or stoves, and many reduced to burnt ruins. Among these awful memorials of devastation, the shadows of a few prisoners and convalescents were seen gliding round; and here and there against a deserted wall, a poor forsaken horse stood shivering with cold, crouched up, or mournfully picking at a truss of hay. As I went back to the city, I met a gentlemanlike young man, whom I accosted and questioned. He was from Brabant, and had been head surgeon to a Lazaretto of French prisoners, who were quartered in a monastery. I went with him as far as the vestibule of misery, saw the whole church-yard of the cloister filled with dead bodies lying around it, and turned back. He told me, that out of two thousand patients, he lost every day from fifty to eighty. This would soon

lessen his labor. As I drew nearer to the gate of the city, from fifty to sixty sleighs met me — all of them filled with dead bodies, which they were clearing away from the hospitals and public squares. They were carried out, just as men carry dry fuel, and were stiffened and hardened by the frost, like hedge-brush, to become the wretched food of worms and fishes; many of them being thrown into holes which were cut open in the river. To me, the most awful sight of all, was to witness on the skin of many of these bodies, traces of vermin; just as on grass-plots, where ants pile their heaps, we see the traces of their wandering industry. Woeful was the spectacle, to behold human bodies, once welcomed at their birth with love and gladness, then trained and nurtured by affection, but finally, in the bloom of life, torn away by a fell conqueror from their parents and friends, thus carted off like brutes, with no respect to decency, their heads trailing on the ground, their feet pointing to the sky, and destitute of the covering due to humanity and modesty.

On the 17th of January, the weather was beautifully clear, and not too cold for winter; the cheerful sun invited me abroad again, and I wandered out through a different gate, along the little river of Wilia, upon which the city lies. Fronting the gate, were numerous broken French ammunition wagons and cannon-carriages, with deserted and devastated habitations; hats, caps, cockades, dead human bodies and dead horses obstructed the road. The dead bodies had been cleared away for the most part; yet behind large rocks, bridge-posts and bushes, many had been forgotten, and the wolves appeared to have torn them once and again. I was deeply moved at

seeing a wounded prisoner, who limped past me, pale and stooping, looking like one just released from, or wishing to enter a Lazaretto, stand still before one of these bodies, contemplating it, and even poking it with his stick. Thus man at length, stupid and indifferent, gazes on his fate ! Indeed, among the countless forms of misery and woe, he might daily do it, were he not also called to something different, better and more cheerful. While this man lingered by the body of his companion and I stood near both, singing and music came down the mountain, and priests, with a mourning train clad in black, accompanied in pious, Christian fashion, a coffin and its inhabitant to the grave. Below us, the sleighs were transporting along the river their foul burden of dead bodies. Involuntarily, I entered the wide court of a large building, which with its rooms and stables, and remnants of decorated stoves and paper-hangings, revealed the having once possessed most distinguished inhabitants. Within, everything was rent and battered ; many of the floors were burnt, kettles, bones, remnants of uniform, hats, caps, military plumes were scattered about ; and finally, in a remote apartment, by the fireplace, there appeared a half-roasted corpse. Its poor tenant had probably crawled towards the heat, like a moth to a candle, lost his senses, and thus died in the flames. In like manner, many had been found at the detached-fires, who, in their delight at warming their stiffened limbs, and half stupefied under the sleep of death, had gone too near the flames and been consumed. A shudder came over me, as if I had seen a ghost at noon-day, and I ran from the deserted walls. That evening I saw besides, a horrible spectacle within the

city. I had gone out to look at the swarming multitude of the Russian militia arriving and passing through together with the Polish peasantry and Jews, when lo! I was attracted by singing, and proceeded unawares as far as the Minster gate, above which religious worship was celebrated. I listened to it for a few minutes, and then passed by a back-way, not far from the gate, through a door, into the church-yard. At first, I saw only the church; then the upper windows, or rather, the cavities, destitute of windows, of a building encircling the church-yard, which looked like a cloister or college. As I advanced nearer, what a spectacle!—corpses piled on corpses, in some places so high that they reached to the windows of the second story; there were a thousand bodies at least,—a whole hospital that had died out! In all the wide building, not a window, not a man—a dog only, whined at the door. Fortunately, a keen frost arrested the exhalations of corruption, which otherwise would have rendered this place of woe inaccessible. The bloody battles of France and Germany may have produced similar heaps of the dead; but it belonged to Polish sluggishness and to such a year as the year 1812, to exhibit them under such hideousness before human eyes. But how could I be surprised that such piles of the dead were left standing here? Did not our sleigh, under the carriage-shed of Muller's hotel, in the German street, stand on a Frenchman in full uniform, who had been trodden down into the dung and straw? So great was the calamity of the time, so reckless and contrary to humanity, the uncleanness of the place!

Towards evening, January 14th, I took my departure, through the Minsker gate, by the road to Grodno. Here

too, the moon shone on a field of death. For the space of half a mile, the killed and frozen lay in heaps of from thirty to fifty together; around which two or three dead horses were always lying, and our sleigh was constantly gliding over human bones. Here I noticed an unusual number of wolves, roaming ahead of us in the woods. This was five weeks after Wilna had been taken possession of by the Russians. And thus I carried away with me a dismal remembrance of Wilna!"

Ponder, dear young friends, upon the above narrative; and if ever you find yourselves in danger of being seduced by the pomp and glitter of martial glory, remember, that wars and fightings have their origin only in that part of human nature which is allied with the brutes, and that so far as the displeasure of heaven can be read in the infliction of its sorest chastisements, they always follow in the train of war.

L. O.

THE LOG HUT.

THERE is a little fair-haired, blue-eyed boy of my acquaintance, whose heart is full of love, gushing out on every living thing, and especially on every one who smiles on him. He has a peculiar way of keeping account of the months; not noting them by the return of flowers or fruits, frost, ice or snow, but by the arrival of the "Child's Friend." If you should enter the play-room which he occupies in common with the other chil-

dren of the family, he would lead you to some bookshelves, and point out as his greatest treasure, all the bound volumes of this, to him, enchanting work, gorgeous in black and gold, and, though much used, excellently well preserved. His delight was unbounded on recognizing in a late number, a story to which he had listened at twilight, as it was told to him by the dear friend who contributed it to his favorite work. "Oh," said he to me, as he laid aside the book, "how happy I should feel, if *you* would write a story for this dear 'Child's Friend.'"

"I do not write stories for little boys, as cousin A—— does, and cannot even tell them at twilight."

"But when you were a little girl, you must have seen or heard something which little boys and girls would now like to have told them by their 'Friend.'"

Thus urged, I turned to an old scrap-book, and copied from it the following sketch; which, as it has the merit of being true, may, if it should be deemed worthy of insertion, please some other little reader, whose best book-treasure is the "Child's Friend."

It was Thanksgiving day; the multiplied divisions and almost interminable "improvement" of the ancient minister's discourse, together with the nasal prolongations and tremulous quavers of the old anthem, had all been patiently endured; and a tolerable share of decorum for one usually very restless, had been maintained through the protracted ceremonies of the yearly feast. This being over, the term of probation expired, and the remainder of the day was to be devoted to fun and frolic. Quickly donning my little white-plumed beaver, and my warm wrapper and mittens, I solicited the permission to make a much desired excursion.

In vain a careful mother urged the fatigue and exposure of a walk of three miles over stony pastures, through dense woods, and among the burnt stumps of land partially cleared. Her eloquence was no match for that of eager, fearless childhood. I was a dweller by the sea, and was then on a visit in the interior of New-Hampshire; at an age when gleesome spirits prompt to activity, and uncontrolled curiosity deems no obstacle sufficient to impede its gratification. A visit to "Jewett's log hut" was an enterprise exactly suited to call forth all my energies.

Trusty Sam and his grave sister Thankful, were easily persuaded to accompany me. As the former moved on with long strides, laden with a basket of provisions, I bounded after him reckless of every impediment, whether stock or stone, that lay in my path, and teasing him with a hundred inquiries about the place of our destination. Sam was good-natured and communicative, and I gradually became all eye and ear to the strange, wild scenery around me, and his explanations of things that interested me.

I was transported by means of various contrivances over the cold, dark looking streams that two or three times crossed our path; led through the slippery mazes of the pine forest, and adroitly lifted over the tops of the smutty log fences, without soiling my bright-colored garments.

We at last reached the summit of a considerable hill, from which we looked down upon a little "clearing" of less than an acre, surrounded by a thick growth of pine and hemlock. Here stood the goal of my expectations. So vividly were the features of this unique scene im-

pressed upon my memory, though I was then a mere child, that the lapse of years has not effaced them; and it lies now like a picture before me. The hut was erected on a knoll on one side of the clearing. It was constructed of hemlock logs, with "bark unshorn," laid one upon another; the crevices between them being filled with pieces of bark, pine boughs, clay, and like materials collected in the neighborhood. The roof was of bark, mossy, and gray with age, and a dense volume of smoke issued from an aperture in the middle of it. A little to the left of the hut, an oven had been built, which was now heating; the flame occasionally darting out "through chinks which time had made" in its rude masonry. Not far off a spring of pure water was bubbling up from a tub which had been let down into the ground. A few hills which had contained corn and potatoes were the only sign of any attempt at agriculture; and it was evident that food for the family must be "brought from afar." It may be supposed that the place must have worn a dreary aspect, but, as the rays of the November sun rested upon this isolated spot, an air of security and even cheerfulness was diffused over it. As we descended to visit the inmates of this wild dwelling place, I wondered if there could be anything like enjoyment beneath its lowly roof.

As we approached, we caught glimpses of little inquisitive faces, peeping through interstices which had been left in the walls for the admission of light; and heard a suppressed titter of merriment, which our coming appeared to excite. A woman of masculine proportions, but, on the whole, good looking, met us at the entrance, — door there was none, — and civilly bade us "walk in."

On our complying with her invitation, most of the children scampered to different places of concealment. A few of the older ones selected good posts of observation, and watched us with a scrutiny which would have been praiseworthy in sentinels on duty. Soon the fugitives being unable, I suppose, to restrain their curiosity, began to take courage. First they peered cautiously from their hiding places; then, a sturdy little fellow of about four years of age, clad in a single garment, of very simple construction, made a rush for the middle of the room. The skulkers all followed, with a simultaneous shout, and huddled around him. A more healthy looking, mirthful group I have never seen. An enormous yellow and white cat entered from without; and after surveying us with great dignity, gravely stationed herself opposite to us, as if she felt it incumbent on her to assist in doing the honors of our reception.

The hut consisted of but one apartment, with a loft over a portion of it, accessible only by climbing upon the chimney, and apparently stored with a small quantity of corn.

Loose stones were laid upon each other to form a rude chimney, and with so much skill, that the broad bright flame burned as cheerily in the fireplace as it would have done in one of the best possible construction.

The flooring was of earth trodden so hard as to seem almost of the consistence of granite. On one side of the room, a long sort of pen had been made of rough boards, into which a few bundles of straw, and some old coverlids had been thrown. This served the family for sleeping accommodations. On the opposite side were a few shelves containing the cooking utensils, which con-

sisted of four or five earthen platters and dishes, a tin dipper, an iron kettle or two, and a water pail. These articles, together with a large sailor's chest, a table of domestic manufacture, and several block seats, constituted all their household furniture.

The contents of Sam's basket were most thankfully received, and they certainly were much needed; for, with the exception of a quantity of beef and potatoes prepared for the oven, the mother informed us she was nearly destitute of food for her large family. We knew that Jewett was in danger of arrest for theft, perpetrated, as all were ready to acknowledge, in consequence of his extreme poverty. He was a cooper by trade, and, of late, had been unable to obtain employment. In a moment of weakness, — he had never before been suspected of dishonesty, — he robbed the cornfield of a rich farmer. All my childish sympathies were enlisted for the poor man, and much I wished he might be able to avoid the punishment threatened for his misdeed. We supposed him to be concealed in the adjacent woods; but it was afterward hinted that he was snugly ensconced behind the chimney during our visit.

It may seem incredible to those who have all their lives been accustomed to the comforts and luxuries of life, that human beings could exist in New England so destitute of what we are wont to consider its necessities. Yet these parents had thus lived for thirteen years; and nine children had had their birthplace in the dwelling I have described. They were hardy, and, in their way, happy as the wild animals that tenanted the neighboring woods. But a change was to come over them. Soon after my visit, their father was arrested and confined in

jail, and they were removed to the almshouse of his native town.

From within its decent walls, restrained by its regulations, I doubt not they often looked back with regret to the freedom they enjoyed in their own log hut, in the heart of the pine woods of G——.

SPRING.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Of the Pantry-door Key being lost, and then found.

It was very mild and pleasant weather, in the beginning of January ; the Poet's two children ran about the garden with nothing on their heads but their beautiful long hair. Up in the pigeon-cote there was a deal of discussion going on : Jessy and Crow, one pair of pigeons, were talking about having eggs, and a young brood ; while Snowdrop and her little husband Cravates said it was quite too soon to think of such a thing. These pigeons belonged to the poet's children, who fed them twice every day, and loved them very dearly. They were very handsome pigeons : Jessy was quite a rainbow of colors, and he strutted prodigiously ; Crow his wife was very dark, all purple and green ; nobody would have taken her for a hen-pigeon, she was so large and

grand. The other pair, Snowdrop and Cravates, were very different : she was as white as snow, and looked as sleek and round as if she had been cut out of marble ; her husband, Cravates, was of rich red brown, with a white ring round his neck which the children called his cravat. On the floor of the dovecote lived a pair of guinea-pigs, Toby and Jenny. Toby was a quiet old fellow that lived very much to himself and never troubled his mind about anything ; he squeaked a little to himself ; he always found plenty to eat, and that was all he cared for. Jenny, his wife, was a little plump, busy, merry guinea-pig that not only looked after her own large family but kept up a deal of intercourse with the pigeons ; they were on the best terms in the world, and now, when there was all this discussion about whether the pigeons should begin to lay or not, she sided with Jessy and his wife, and told them by all means to make a nest, and have a brood, for that it was an uncommonly fine season, there would be no more cold weather, not a bit ! and even if there were, what would it matter ; — fat, well-feathered birds like them never felt the cold ; for her part she never felt it ; she had forgotten what cold was. The poet's children, she said, never let them want ; it was all nonsense talking about want ; for her part she did not believe in the existence of such a thing ! it was only a bugbear to frighten ignorant pigeons and guinea-pigs with. Jessy and Crow said the same ; they said they always felt so warm about their hearts, and their feathers were so thick ; that even after they had eaten their fill there was plenty of food, so they would have a brood.

Cravates and Snowdrop were convinced by what they

heard, and when Crow's young ones began to peep from the egg, Snowdrop had been setting three days. Jenny, the guinea-pig, had seven little ones. It was the merriest little region of life that ever was seen. Guinea-pigs and pigeons were all as warm and fat as possible. The poet's children were as happy as these little creatures; they clapped their hands and screamed with delight when they saw the young pigeons come out of the shell. Snowdrop and Cravates were now full of family business, first one sat on the eggs, and then the other, and in two weeks they also would have two young pigeons.

There were many changes of weather in January; now it was fine and mild, and then it was bitterly cold, and froze, and snowed, and thawed, and froze again; the pond was covered with ice, and little boys slid. At the commencement of February it grew colder and colder every day; the earth was like a hard board, nothing could come out of it, and the little snowdrops and hepaticas and winter aconites that had ventured in the mild weather to put up their heads, now were quite sorry for it, and were so pinched with cold they did not know what to do. They said one to another how cold the bed was, and they wished so much that snow would fall, and thus give them blankets and coverlets to keep them warm; but no snow came, and every day it froze harder and harder.

The poet's children, like their pigeons, felt very little of the cold, for they were well fed, and full of life and strength, and had warm woollen clothes on; twice every day they went and fed their pigeons and their guinea-pigs. Snowdrop's young ones were ready to be hatched, and Crow's were growing famously; but they had as

yet only greyish down on their little bodies. One day they said to their mother that something "bit them." "It is only the cold," she replied; "silly little things!" and she told them to lie closer under her feather petticoat, which was lined with down, and so they did; and they felt no more cold, for their mother and her feather petticoat were as warm as a little fire. Just then, old Jessy, the father, came in; he had been taking his morning airing, and it was amazing what a deal of cold air seemed to come in with him; the very tips of his feathers seemed frozen; but he said he was as warm as a toast; that he felt nothing of the cold. He said he had been up at the rookery; that they were all in a pretty state there; they had begun to build some days before, while the weather was mild, but that now everything was at a stand still; and they were all talking of a famine; they looked very discontented and down-hearted, and they said they did not know what would be the end of all this; they could get nothing out of the ground, and they could get nothing out of the air, — what then was to become of them? Jessy said it was very unpleasant to hear all this; and he told them that, for his part, he believed there was plenty of food to be had, if they would only look for it; he had often heard their outcries of famine, but he thought it was all discontent, and of people's own bringing about. The rooks were very angry to hear him talk thus, and if he had not flown off he did not know what the consequences might have been; he then went into the poet's garden, and there were all the foolish flowers that had come out too soon, shivering like naked beggars in the street, till it was quite unpleasant to see them; he told them, that they should have stopped at home by their

warm fires, and in bed among the blankets, and that if they would run themselves into trouble, they must take the consequences. The flowers made no reply, for their poor mouths were so stiff with cold that they could not open them. The next thing he saw were the little birds of the garden; there were robins, and tom-tits, and red-starts, and hundreds of sparrows; they had all puffed out their feathers like so many muffs to keep them warm, and they looked plump enough, but all they talked about was this famine. There was nothing to be had, and they thought they must all die; they looked very dismal and dispirited; they could not even twitter; they did nothing but hop about on the hard, stony ground, and pick at little bits of dirt, out of which nothing came; or if anything eatable were in it, ten to one but three or four of them fell to quarrelling about it. They told dismal tales about many that had died, and said they expected that they too should die of want; they said everything was against them this winter; that last summer so little hedge-fruit came to maturity, and thus the great store of nature was empty; there were no berries on the pyracantha that grew up one side of the poet's house this year, and that was a great loss; and they did not know why, but the poet's children seemed to have forgotten them, they found no crumbs now, as they used to do. Oh! it was very melancholy, and they knew that they should all die of want. The blackbirds and the thrushes that sate on the boughs about, sighed out the same melancholy ditty; they said that this great frost had locked up the pantry door, and there was no chance but of their dying of hunger.

It troubled Jessy, the pigeon, to hear all this. He felt very uncomfortable, and he wished not to believe what he had heard. He told his wife, and Snowdrop, and her husband, and old Jenny, the guinea-pig; and just as he had finished, up came, like two beautiful angels, the poet's children, and scattered tares and peas for the pigeons, and brought bread and milk and green sprouts for the guinea pigs. There was such plenty in this dovecote; there could be no want out of doors — there could be no famine; — it must be discontent, and improvidence, and bad management which brought the others into their evil plight. Whilst the pigeons were thus settling the question, old Toby, the father guinea-pig, who had not yet spoken, asked abruptly, "Why did they lock the pantry door? We always let ours stand open, and therefore we have plenty." They all said that Toby had hit the right nail on the head, and Jessy said, before long he would go out, and ask the same question of all the discontented out of doors.

The frost grew harder and harder, and one morning a heavy yellowish cloud filled the sky, and the white feathery snow began to fall; all day and all night it fell. The garden was beautiful; it lay two foot deep on the ground, and on the upper surface of every leafless branch and bough, and bent the evergreens like heavy plumes. Every thing was as silent as death; not a bird twittered. The little snowdrops, and hepaticas, and winter aconites, said one to another, when the snow began to fall; "the blessing is come at last; now we shall go to sleep, and lie warm and snug till the better days come." They closed their eyes, and fell into the sweetest sleep, and

the soft, delicate snow, like loving hands, heaped up the warm covering around them.

The little birds—robins, and redstarts, and tomtits, and the little good-for-nothing sparrows, peeped from under the broad leaves of the ivy, that thickly covered the whole of the poet's house, and did nothing but sigh all day long. "It will be a deep, deep snow," said they; "it may perhaps lie four or five weeks; the pantry-door key will be lost in the snow, and how shall we ever get the door open again!" The snow fell thicker and faster, and in the afternoon the poet's gardener cut a path through the snow from the kitchen door to the dovecote. The old garden blackbird, the bird that had cheered the hearts of the poet and his children all last summer, sate half starved in a hole in the sycamore tree, and saw the two children, wrapped up in great coats and cloaks till only their eyes, and the tips of their noses could be seen, go from the kitchen door along the path that had been cut in the snow to the dovehouse. They carried tares and peas in a basket, and soaked bread in a basin; they were going to feed their favorites, and never once thought of all the little hungry stomachs and longing eyes that were all around them.

"The pantry-door is fast locked, and the key is now lost!" was sighed out all that night from under the roof, and from the crannies of the old walls, and from under the ivy leaves, and from the hollows of the sycamore trunk. "The pantry-door key is lost, and we shall die of hunger;" The poor rooks left off building; the snow lay a foot deep in every unfinished nest; the last year's rooks asked the old ones if they had ever known the pantry-door key lost before. Very few of them ever

had ; They had heard their grandfathers talk of such a thing in their time, but they did not think it could have been as bad as this ! The key of the pantry-door had never certainly been *quite* lost before ; but they hoped it might be found. The young rooks were quite disheartened, they did not believe that the key ever would be found. They were ready to grow desperate ; it was all that the most experienced could do to persuade them to patience and hope.

The poet stood at his window and looked out ; the snow had lost its first purity ; it had fallen from the tree-branches, and had been shaken out from the evergreens, lest it should break them ; it lay like a casing of marble over all the earth ; it was hard frozen, and glittered in the sun like crystal points. It was now a week since it had fallen, and there seemed no chance of the frost going. The poet saw his children rush from the dove-house with their rosy faces and bright eyes ; Crow's two young pigeons were full feathered ; how they had grown ! and Snowdrop's were like two little balls of down. The children were on their way to tell this to their father.

But before they came he had something to tell them. As he stood at his window he had seen the rooks on their way through the cold wintry sky to the distant meadows ; what could the poor rooks find there for food ? The thought fell on his heart with a sadness. He thought of all the suffering creatures in this bitter season, and he wished that he could help and save them all. While he was thus thinking, he heard the twittering of the little birds in the laurestinas round the window, and he saw the old blackbird sitting just above in the arbutus. Hunger had made them very tame. He heard their mourn-

ful twitter, and he understood it — for a poet understands all languages, especially those which come from sorrowful hearts. At that moment his two children came in : “Hush,” said he, and they trod as softly as falling snow ; “listen to what the little birds are all saying. They say, ‘The pantry-door is locked, and the key is lost ! There is no one to feed us, and we shall all die of hunger !’ This is what the little birds are saying.”

The tears started to the children’s eyes, and their father continued, “Thus say the little birds, and they speak truly ; their pantry door is locked, and the key is lost ; many of them will die ; they are now like so many little skeletons ; they have puffed out their feathers to keep them warm, but they are starved for all that ; for the famished have so little warmth within them. ‘We shall all die of hunger,’ say they. ‘Alas ! that the pantry-door should be locked, and the key lost ! No one pities us—we shall all die !’ ‘Do not despair !’ replies that old blackbird in the arbutus,” said the poet, directing with his finger the tearful eyes of the children to the bird,—“Do not despair ; help comes often when we least expect it. Bear on patiently a little longer,—a little longer bear up, and help will come !” These were the words of the blackbird, which the poet told to his children ; but scarcely were they ended, when the blackbird turned its head quickly, and then fell, as if dead, from the bough into the snow. Without a word to the children, the poet rushed out, and the next moment they saw him in the garden before the window ; all the little birds flew away frightened, and treading ankle deep in snow, he brought in the dead blackbird.

"Poor, dear blackbird!" said the children, with almost breaking hearts, when they saw it in their father's hands in the warm room where he brought it. "Poor, dear little thing! and it has died of want, and we have never fed the birds all this hard time!"

"Yes," said their father, "it is a serious thing when creatures with appetites find the pantry locked, and the key lost. You must think about these things!"

"But I think," said he, again speaking, and this time more cheerfully, "that this bird is not dead; I believe it is only benumbed, and I think we can revive it." The children rushed about like wild creatures, for they had such loving hearts. They could find neither a cage nor a basket at the moment, but they brought an old last year's garden bonnet trimmed with blue ribbon; they put some warm flannel in it, laid the bird within it, and then tied the bonnet in a handkerchief; their father said he would take charge of it for them, in his study, and they must go and see if they could not get the pantry open for the other poor little birds.

They could not understand what the birds said so well as their father, because they were only poet's children; so in the evening, when all the birds had had a good dinner, he told them what had been said. They had said that the old blackbird was right; help had come when they least expected it; somebody had picked the lock, or burst the pantry door open, and behold every shelf was full of bread! They wondered how it was;—they were only birds, and so they could not tell; this, however, was certain, there was plenty now, where but a minute before there had been famine. It was just as the good

blackbird had said. He was a prophet and a poet, and yet he who knew all this, and had cheered them with hope, was dead ! That was a sad thing ! They must confess that he was a great poet ; they had not thought much of him when he was alive ; but they must raise a monument to him now he is dead. " But he is not dead," said the children, " he is all alive in the magpie's cage, and very happy ! "

" But they do not know it," said the father, " they think him dead, and mourn for him. They thought very little of him when he was amongst them, but they will honor him now they think him dead."

The frost still lasted, and the pantry remained as full as ever. Jessy went and told them in the dove-house, that he knew he was right. It was all a needless outcry about the famine ; the birds only wanted to excite compassion, that they might induce the pigeons and guinea-pigs to give up their food ; they made themselves look miserable and half famished to get fed without working ; that they were as brisk now as larks ; that he heard a deal said still among the rooks about this pantry-door key being lost, but after what he had seen he put no faith in it. It was a mere pretence.

At the end of February the frost broke up ; the snow melted all at once ; the hard stony ground was like a wet sponge. The grass looked green, and the tree stems brim-full of life ; the little snowdrops, and hepaticas, and winter aconites looked round them in astonishment. " Something must have happened," said they one to another ; for they were not wide awake yet — " we must have been asleep a long time ; come let us get up, we

feel such life and strength within us ! Hark, that must be a thrush. It is spring as sure as we are alive ! ”

The little dear robins and redstarts came hopping among the flowers, and they welcomed each the other ; and then the flowers understood all about the dreadful time that had been since they went to sleep. Many birds were dead ; that was a certainty ; many a dear little bird that had sung to the flowers last summer, would never sing to them again ! Among those that had died, they said, was the grand old poet, the blackbird ; he was a wonderful creature ; he suffered dreadfully in the famine ; but he tried to cheer all their hearts, and foretold the better time, and the opening of the pantry-door just before it took place ; but he never saw it himself. That was the one sorrow they had to deplore ; and they did deplore it sincerely.

The flowers were very sorry, tears hung in the snow-drop's beautiful eyes, for she loved the blackbird. At that moment all the little birds flew away, for they heard footsteps coming down the garden walk. It was the poet's children, with the great magpie's cage, in which was the blackbird. They set it just opposite the snow-drops, and the other flowers, for they said, “ he shall see how beautiful the garden is the moment he gets out of the cage.”

The blackbird sprang from the open door of the cage, and flew into a hawthorn tree that grew just by. All the little flowers saw him, and could hardly believe their eyes. The moment he alighted on the tree, he carolled forth such a hymn of thankfulness and joy as filled the whole garden. The little birds could scarcely believe

their ears. He was alive and well ! His song told everything, and every one interpreted it his own way. The poet heard it as he sat in his study ; it told him that the spring time — a time of plenty and of gladness, was at hand. A gushing tide of love and gratitude warmed his heart ; he took up his pen and wrote words which were immortal.

It reached the fat pigeons on the house-top, as they were strutting about with their young broods, now out in the great world for the first time ; and old Jessy said to his wife, that if it really were true about the famine, he was glad such a fine singer as the blackbird had got well through it ! It reached the poor rooks that had suffered so dreadfully in the famine, as they sate on their elm-tree tops, and taking the song for a good omen, they began their building again that very moment. As to the little flowers down in the garden beds, they were so full of joy, that they reared up their heads, and opened their beautiful eyes to the sun, and shot down their little roots under ground, and woke the sleepy worms and little shining insects, and told them it was time to be stirring, for the beautiful spring season had just begun.

All that day nothing was heard but a shouting on the tree tops — the burden of the song was the same everywhere — “ The key that was lost so long has been found ; the pantry door stands wide open, and there is plenty for all ! ” The poet’s children walked hand in hand in the garden, and were happier than ever.

GENTLE WORDS.

A YOUNG rose in summer time
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious the many stars
That glimmer on the sea!
But gentle words and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the fairest flowers
Or stars that ever shone.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright and watch the light
Of autumn's opening hour;
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart.
But oh if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth

Louisville Examiner.

MOST HASTE, WORST SPEED.

THE SLEDS.

"MAMMA, may I take my sled and coast down hill with Ben in his yard?"

"Yes, my son, but be very careful. I shall watch you from my window, and hope I shall not see you hurt."

Away ran Henry, and in a few minutes he and Ben were dragging their sleds into the yard. Henry's sled was green, and had a nice cushion upon it. It was named Eagle. I suppose this name was given to it because it was a very swift one.

Ben's sled was called Victor. It was red and yellow, with a dog's head painted on the top.

The little boys drew their sleds to the top of the slope, and seated themselves all ready for a start.

"Come, Ben," cried Henry, "you must start first, because you cannot go so fast as I can."

"Yes, to be sure," said Ben, "I shall get out of your way pretty quick; I do not want you on my back."

Ben set off pretty briskly, but before he had got half way down, Eagle came pouncing upon him, with a great shock, which sent both boys off, heels over head. The sleds went one way, the caps another, and the boys another, and there was such a jumble in the loose snow, and such a kicking and scrambling! But at last, after rolling down the hill all in a heap, the boys jumped up, and shook off the snow, and laughed and shouted till all rang again.

Henry's mother stood looking out at the window. She was very much frightened at first, but when she saw the little fellows jumping up and down, and heard their merry voices, she sat down in her chair and laughed too. That night she and Henry had another good laugh in talking it over together, but he promised to be more careful another time.

A few days after this, Henry and Ben went coasting down into the Hollow. It was a grand place, it was so steep ; and they coasted so swiftly that their sleds went half way up the other side without stopping. There were some other boys there with sleds, but Eagle beat them all.

"Let us start all together," said Ben ; "I'll say *Now* when we are ready." They drew all their sleds to the top and waited. "*Now!*" said Ben, in a loud voice. Down went Clay and Polk, Victor, Skip, and Firefly. Eagle waited a second, and then steered down full tilt. It went by all the rest, and was half way up the other side before they got to the bottom. The boys all hurraed, and praised Eagle. Henry was quite proud of his swift sled.

"Let us go down to the pond," said John ; "there are some first-rate slides cut out down that hill." James told them there was a hole in the pond, and he was afraid they might get into it. But the others would go, and James followed them when they got there. Thomas declared there was no danger at all, for the hole was on the farthest side, and the pond was so large that they should not come near it.

At the signal "*Now!*" off went the little fleet of sleds again, dashing off half way across the beautiful smooth

pond. There was a loud shout from all the boys when Eagle shot by them like lightning. Henry tried to stop the sled, but it only seemed to go the faster. It turned a little from side to side, then flew up in front, and plunged, boy and all, right into the hole. Henry could nowhere be seen — his cap was all that was left. It lay on the edge of the ice. Where was the little head that had worn it a moment ago? Luckily Henry had kept hold of his sled; it held him up in the water, and presently he put up his hand in the spot where he had gone down. Ben was a bright boy. Instead of stopping to cry as the others had done when Henry disappeared, he ran and pulled a board from the fence, and placed it across the hole. He now stood on the board, and caught hold of Henry's hand, and in a minute had pulled him out. There was a shout of joy when he appeared all dripping from the water. Then they drew up the sled, and ran home as fast as possible. Henry's clothes were frozen stiff upon him before he reached home, so that he could hardly get along; then the boys took turns to carry him. "O my naughty Eagle!" said he, "how could you serve me such a trick? Ben, I think yours is the best after all." His mother was very much frightened when she saw her little boy in such a plight. She undressed him, and put him directly to bed, between two blankets. There he lay for an hour or two, and then got up as bright as ever.

Eagle had time to rest, for Henry did not care about coasting, after this, for several days. One day Henry's mother told him to take his sled, and bring her some meal from Mr. Howard's store in the next street. So he took the bucket which she gave him, and tied it upon his

sled with a rope, and scampered off, cutting capers like a gay horse all the way through the street. He stopped at Mr. Howard's door. "Will you please, sir, to send my mother a peck of meal?" The man measured it, and put it into Henry's bucket. Off he went again, rearing and plunging and tossing his head and kicking up his heels. Presently he came where there was a shorter path home, down a pretty steep, slippery hill; he thought he should like to coast down, but there was not room enough for him and the bucket on the sled. So he turned it round, and held the rope in his hand, meaning to let it slide backward down the slope, and run after it himself. Poor boy! the sled plunged down hill, and giving him no time to find his feet, twitched him over upon his nose, and dragged him to the bottom all covered with snow. His nose and his cheeks were pretty well scratched, and the skin was rubbed off his hand, but he jumped up and laughed and said, "O you rogue of a sled! It seems just as if you were alive, and did it on purpose to plague me." E****.

FLOWERS.

FLOWERS for the humble poor,
Flowers for the weak and lone;
Let them gently, gently fall,
Where the weeds of Toil are sown;

Lifting up foul Discontent,
From the lonely tenement,
As the fainting toilers there
Catch a breath of Heaven's air.

Flowers! lay them by the bed
Where the restless sick are lying.
Let their freshness heal the air,
Wounded by the sufferer's sighing :
Let his eye a moment rest
Where its seeing may be blessed,
Ere they mingle their sweet breath
With the heavy one of Death.

Flowers for the rich and proud !
Lay them in the costly room
Where Art's thick luxuriant air
May from Nature catch perfume,
And like whispering Angels start
Pity in the rich man's heart —
Pity for some humble one,
Who of flowers and fruits hath none.

Flowers! for each one of earth,
Under and above the sod,
That the dead may sweeter sleep,
And the living think of God,
When we from our walks of Sin,
See where his soft steps have been,
Leaving these to bless our eyes,
As a glimpse of Paradise.

A. D. F. R.

Tribune.

TRUE MONARCHY.

WE are a little kingdom; but the man
That chains his rebel will to Reason's throne,
Forms it a large one, whilst his royal mind
Makes Heaven its council, from the rolls above
Draws his own statutes, and with joy obeys.

'Tis not a troop of well-appointed guards
Creates a monarch, not a purple robe
Dy'd in the people's blood, not all the crowns
Of dazzling tiars that bend about the head,
Though gilt with sunbeams and set round with stars.
A monarch he that conquers all his fears,
And treads upon them; when he stands alone,
Makes his own camp; for guardian virtues wait
His nightly slumbers, and secure his dreams.
Now dawns the light; he ranges all his thoughts
In square battalions, bold to meet th' attacks
Of time and chance, himself a num'rous host
All eye, all ear, all wakeful as the day,
Firm as a rock, and moveless as the Centre.

In vain the harlot, Pleasure, spreads her charms,
To lull his thoughts in luxury's fair lap,
To sensual ease, (the bane of little kings,
Monarchs whose waxen images of souls
Are moulded into softness;) still his mind
Wears its own shape, nor can the heavenly form
Stoop to be model'd by the wild decrees
Of the mad vulgar, that unthinking herd.

He lives above the crowd, nor hears the noise
Of wars and triumphs, nor regards the shouts
Of popular applause, that empty sound,
Nor feels the flying arrows of reproach
Or spite or envy. In himself secure,
Wisdom his tower, and conscience is his shield,
His peace all inward, and his joys his own.

Now my ambition swells, my wishes soar,
This be my kingdom; sit above the globe
My rising soul, and dress thyself around
And shine in virtue's armor, climb the height
Of wisdom's lofty castle, there reside
Safe from the smiling and the frowning world.

Yet once a day drop down a gentle look
On the great mole-hill, and with pitying eye
Survey the busy emmets round the heap,
Crowding and bustling in a thousand forms
Of strife and toil, to purchase wealth and fame
A bubble or a dust: Then call thy thoughts
Up to thyself to feed on joys unknown,
Rich without gold, and great without renown.

DR. ISAAC WATTS, 1701.

DOMESTICATION OF FISHES.

A short time since the following interesting description
was published in a newspaper;

“TAMING EXTRAORDINARY.

“There is a little girl of six years of age, a daughter
of Mr. David Thomas, who lives on the borders of the

pond, which supplies water for the Furnace Works at Weare River, who has a most wonderful control over a class of animals hitherto thought to be untamable.

For a year or two past the little girl has been in the habit of playing about the pond, and throwing crumbs into the water for the fishes.

By degrees these timid creatures have become so tame as to come at her call, follow her about the pond, and eat from her hand.

A gentleman went down there a few days since, with his daughter, to see the little creatures and their mistress. At first the fishes were mistaken, and came up to the surface of the water, as the gentleman's daughter approached, but in a moment they discovered their mistake, and whisked away from the stranger in high dudgeon. Their own mistress then came up and called, and they crowded up, clustering about her hands to receive the crumbs.

She has, besides, a turtle, or tortoise, maimed in the leg. This creature lives in the pond, and seems to be entirely under the control of the little girl, obeying her voice, and feeding from her hand.

We have just returned from a visit to the pond, and have seen the little bright-eyed girl sporting with her obedient swarms of pickerel, pout, and shiners, patting them on the head, stroking their sides, and letting them slip through her hands. She has her favorites among them. A pout which has been marked on the head in some way, and the turtle we spoke of, are remarkably intelligent.

A more beautiful instance of the influence of kindness

and gentleness can hardly be found. Lions and tigers have been subjected to man, but this instance of domesticating fishes is as novel as it is interesting."

The writer of the above beautiful description has made a mistake in saying that fishes have never been tamed by any one besides the little girl at Hingham. She, as well as all the children who read this book, will doubtless be pleased to learn, that many hundred years ago, a Roman, by the name of Lucullus, had ponds in his gardens, containing fishes so tame as to feed from the hand, and who would leap from the water when called by their keepers.

Pliny, a historian, who lived shortly after Lucullus, says that each fish knew its name, and that several of them wore necklaces. But Pliny was very fond of hearing and relating wonderful stories, so we may be permitted to doubt the latter part of his description, and more especially since, owing to the peculiar shape of fishes, it is hard to understand how they could have kept their ornaments on.

At the gardens of Charlottenburg, near Berlin in Germany, there are ponds in which live a great many of that rare kind of fish, the carp. If a bell is sounded over the water, whole shoals of these fishes may be seen collected together with their noses out of the water. The Chinese collect their gold fish together in the same manner. At Ferney, a place in France, the fishes swim towards the gardener whenever he makes a splashing in the water.

There is a gentleman living near Braintree in Essex County, England, who has a few tame carp. These

creatures know his whistle, and whenever they hear it, swim towards him to receive their food. A very interesting instance of this last method of calling fishes together, is one which I copy from a book called "Polynesian Researches," written by Mr. Ellis, an Englishman. "The rivers (of Tahite) furnish few fresh-water fish; eels are the principal and they are very fine. Eels, being great favorites, are sometimes tamed, and fed till they attain an enormous size. Taaroarii (a young chief,) had several in different parts of the island. These pets were kept in large holes, two or three feet deep, partially filled with water. On the sides of these pits the eels formed or found an aperture in a horizontal direction, in which they generally remained, excepting when called by the person who fed them. I have been several times with the young chief when he has sat down by the side of the hole, and by giving a shrill sort of whistle, has brought out an enormous eel, which has moved about the surface of the water, and eaten with confidence out of its master's hand."

These are all the anecdotes I have been able to collect about the domestication of fishes, and I hope they will please the young readers of the Child's Friend sufficiently to make them desire to read some stories I shall tell them soon about the taming of other animals.

c. c. c.